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CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XXI PITTSBURGH, PA., NOVEMBER 1947 NUMBER 4



OWEN JOSEPHUS ROBERTS BY FRANKLIN WATKINS

IN PAINTING IN THE UNITED STATES, 1947

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM FREW, Editor
JEANNETTE F. SENEFF, Editorial Assistant

VOLUME XXI

NUMBER 4

NOVEMBER 1947

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PORTRAIT

The portrait reproduced on the cover is *Owen Josephus Roberts* by Franklin Watkins. It hangs in an important position in Gallery L in the exhibition, Painting in the United States, 1947.

Owen Josephus Roberts is an eminent jurist and a distinguished lawyer of Pennsylvania. He was associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1930 to 1945. The painting was lent by the University of Pennsylvania Law School, with which Justice Roberts was associated as professor of law for some twenty years.

Penelope Redd, in her review of the exhibition, wrote of this painting: "Entering the first gallery, one faces the portrait of Owen Josephus Roberts like a rock in a weary land as Franklin Watkins has seen him. Steadfast American ideals and classic portraiture as modified by the contemporary are embodied in this painting."

Franklin Watkins was awarded Third Prize in Painting in the United States, 1945, and was a member of the jury of award for Painting in the United States, 1946. The Third Prize, however, was not his first or most important award in a Carnegie Founder's Day exhibition. In 1931 two of his paintings were accepted by the Jury for the International, and one of them, *Suicide in Costume*, received the First Prize and the Lehman Prize and Purchase Fund. Two years earlier he had made his initial appearance in a Carnegie International with two paintings accepted by the jury, and in the intervening years he has been a steady exhibitor in Carnegie Institute shows. He studied painting at the Pennsylvania Academy, from it received two scholarships for travel in Europe, and has subsequently worked and lived in Philadelphia. He was born a New Yorker, in 1894. During World War I he served in the Navy, in camouflage. He teaches at the Pennsylvania Academy. The Rodin Museum in Philadelphia contains mural paintings by him, and he has also worked as a set and costume designer for ballet. Franklin Watkins' work has won many awards and is widely represented in American museums. —J. O'C., Jr.

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Painting in the United States, 1947
through December 7

* * *

Current American Prints
through December 28

* * *

"American Painting; Truman Dynasty"

A lecture by Vaughn Flannery
November 4, 8:15 P.M.
Carnegie Lecture Hall

* * *

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For children five to eight years old—
every Saturday morning.

WHAT A QUARTER CENTURY DOES TO PAINTING

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute

THE reason for Painting in the United States, 1947, is to give the public an emotional stimulus. The public we in Carnegie Institute are mostly interested in is the public that goes to hear the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, be it from the back row of the gallery or the front row of the box seats.

This show is not a collection of old masters. Masterpieces are determined by posterity, not by the present. Only a portion of the pictures on the gallery walls will win approval twenty years hence, since but a small percentage of man's attempts at esthetics in any form endure. However, if no foundations were provided for these attempts, there would be no esthetics at all. This exhibition sets up such an underpinning.

Previous to my arrival here in 1921, the problem of presenting the aspect of contemporary American painting was simple. Art on this side of the Atlantic clove to a reposeful, unexciting, single standard that went with ornate gilt frames hung on red velvet walls, in a well-upholstered period when hansom cabs were still to be found on Fifth Avenue and art connoisseurs, believe it or not, ate pork and beans as they drank champagne in the men's grill at Delmonico's; when Ethel Barrymore was saying, "That's all there is, there isn't any more"; when to move over the Allegheny River near where the Washington Crossing Bridge is now we passed through a smelly, old closed wooden contraption; when the ground where today the Public School Administration Building stands across from us on Forbes Street was occupied by a stable; when where the Cathedral of Learning climbs into the sky there was little but a paper-littered field.

In those years esthetic interests were

still dominated by the scrambling individualists of the industrial order. The fleet of yachts in Newport Harbor was a lovely sight to see at the time of the races between the *Resolute* and the *Shamrock IV*. The Vanderbilt brownstone mansions at Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York still housed the last of the vanishing light and leading. The diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera still glittered with diamonds. Males definitely did not hear *Lobengrin* in sack suits. Naturally in the booming nineteen-twenties art remained a luxury supported between Fifty-seventh Street jewelry shops and dressmakers' windows.

In the early days of my attempt to cull paintings for our exhibitions, I called on such wealthy connoisseurs as John Gellatly, Otto Kahn, Adolph Lewisohn, and Archer Huntington. Especially do I remember John Gellatly. I went to him in search of a picture by Thomas Dewing, who painted his esthetic womanhood in such a canvas as *Lady in Black and Rose*, which we own. Gellatly's throat was bound by a high stock tie, of a vintage of a generation or two even earlier. He was also ensconced in a socially accepted cultural background, behind the vestibule of his house overstuffed with massive knickknacks which smelled somewhat of intellectual mice. Tone and composition were the order of the day, expressed in tranquil figure paintings, landscapes, marines, and social scenes, which now we call "conversation pieces." John Alexander devoted himself to ladies colorful and relaxed; witness our *A Woman in Rose*. Winslow Homer was a master of the pictures of the sea; *The Wreck* was one of the first paintings bought here. Abbott

Thayer gave us his idealized figures in his *My Children*, which hangs on our walls. It was easy at that time to ignore what were popularly believed to be the unfortunate European stirrings by painters like Matisse and Picasso.

By pure chance it happened that I came to Pittsburgh just as what the erudite are prone to call "significant movements" began to clash in this land. This excitement did not develop in two shakes of any arty lamb's tail. Nor do I mean that in the days of yore all paintings were milk and honey, from which base suddenly all paintings aimed to knock your eye out. Far from it. Some of you may remember the uproar in 1922 concerning "the picture behind the door" by Alfred H. Maurer. But as time passed and the gap between right and left increased, it became obvious that there was lacking an unbiased report on the increasingly varied paintings of the day which would give our topsy-turvy modern society an opportunity to judge for itself the vagaries it was sponsoring in assorted social corners. So we began, timidly at first, to make our exhibition more all-inclusive of the present-day output.

Such a survey, divorced from personal preferences or a desire to prove preconceived theories, has been difficult to organize. If we yielded to the pressure of this or that picture-minded clique we would not produce an honest appraisal of the whole. If we took a dull view of some unnamed picture but admired the personal lyrical zest with which Alexander Brook painted his *Portrait of Mrs. Anthony Haswell* in the present exhibition, it proved a problem to make sure that both canvases had equal rights to representation. It was not so easy to keep our guard up when an important art critic whom we respected and personally liked asked us at cocktail time why on earth we included that horror by Jimmy Jones and neglected to include that masterpiece by Tommy Brown. Hardest of all has it been to convince the public that we do not paint pic-

tures. This Gotham critic or that plumber's wife may dislike this or that result, but that is beside the point. We hang pictures because they are in the news. The artists who painted them in many instances may be either the latest rage or old stand-bys who have won important prizes or sold similar work to first-rank museums.

In no former period of the world's history have the material and social aspects of life shifted with such rapidity; so of course we now find ourselves in the midst of the greatest change ever wrought in the art of painting in any age. The pictures of yesterday such as the *Portrait of a Boy* by Frank Benson in our permanent collection won approval from many intelligent persons because they were related to the properties of yesterday and therefore bore an intimate relation to the life of that era. The pictures of today like *Joe Magarac* by William Gropper stand in present esteem because they are related to the surroundings of a sophisticated group of our era.

The followers of either Benson or Gropper often claim that their particular enthusiasm is heading an improved social taste. He does nothing of the kind. He is like the French deputy who, when he heard the crowd on the street, rushed out crying, "I am their leader. I must find out which way they are going." Artists simply follow social taste. When they are good artists, they make a fine art of it. When they are poor artists, the result goes in the cellar.

It is a matter of interest, then, to approach this present alembic by tracing the difference in point of view toward the art of the very early twenties and the art of today. By comparing *November Hills* by Bruce Crane of two decades ago, which we own, with *Marine Still Life* by Zoltan Sepeshy, who won first prize on this occasion, we can make up our minds as to whether we were a group of hicks back in the early nineteen-twenties or whether painters both then and now have been right in presenting their visual reflec-



MARINE STILL LIFE BY ZOLTAN SEPESHY
First Prize of \$1,500

tion of the succeeding social orders.

My more intimate acquaintance with the American paintings of that earlier era in our galleries developed, strangely enough, across the Atlantic at the time of my initial trip abroad for the International in the winter of 1921 and 1922. That exhibition was made up almost wholly of paintings from this land, England, and France. However, we looked to France then not just for French paintings. Both artists and art writers hereabout knuckled their hat brims to the leaders of our American-European art colony.

Among these "brilliant expatriates" were Walter Gay and Mary Cassatt. Criticism now speaks of their group as composed of painters who "fled" to Europe because they felt themselves too good for America. Such phrases are based on an estimation of conditions of yesterday in terms of the psychology of today. In those years artists did not

walk about with the nationalistic chips on their shoulders now so frequently placed there by the tattered miscellany of New York City's Greenwich Village. Painting men and women gravitated as their social inclinations, their pocketbooks, or their fancies permitted. This was especially true of Walter Gay, who instilled his gentle spirit and charming technique into his *The Three Vases*, which we own. It was also true of Mary Cassatt with her *Young Women Picking Fruit*, which we own. It was of Miss Cassatt that Degas made his famous remark: "I won't admit that a woman can draw like that."

The person in the Paris colony who gave us our greatest help, however, was the impressionist Frederick C. Frieseke. As the winters passed, I know he realized that his Paris-American group was vanishing. The last time I saw him he had moved to Brittany. There my wife and I lunched with him

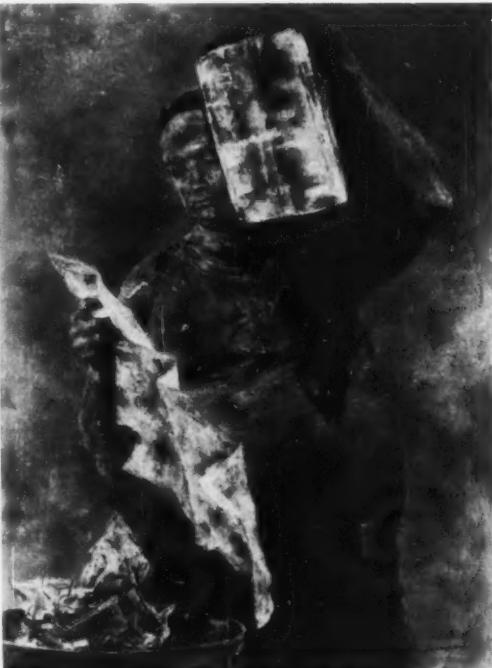
in his damp, moldy, and wholly colorful farmhouse. As we drove away I looked back regretfully, because I knew I would never see it again. I was right. Even after this troubled world settles down once more to a unified regard for visual esthetics, American painters will no longer return to France to sit at the feet of any "cher maître."

Meantime, on this side of the Atlantic, Impressionism had entered its era of sunny decadence like an overripe peach. For example, in 1921 Ernest Lawson won our first prize with his *Vanishing Mist*, and we bought the painting. He with Childe Hassam, Gari Melchers, and Willard Metcalf led the group who cleared their palettes of dark Munich colors and increased their strength through a technique which lent itself best to the pictorial scheme of things rather than to any deep emotion. By way of landscapes and animated street scenes such as *Fifth Avenue in Winter* in our permanent collection, Childe Hassam poured artistic vitamins into a needed iridescence. Then, like many other men who were revolutionists in their youth, in his age he became so incessant in his sharp, acidulous discussions that once his friend Alden Weir remarked, "Well, Muley, I see you're still pumping nature." Gari Melchers from first to last was a sturdy fighter for his beliefs. We own his *Mother and Child*. Good-naturedly pompous, he kept pace with what he considered living developments in painting until he came to be one of the few hailed by both the academicians and the progressives. Willard Metcalf, on the other hand, was no incorrigible disturber of artistic peace. He painted the New England countryside in a manner that placed

him in the highest rank, a most satisfactory high rank, I must say. His dealers were asking fifteen thousand dollars for an example of his work.

At that time, too, Arthur B. Davies walked alone, an artist of extraordinary culture who dealt with dreams, not facts, who possessed an imagination which perhaps hinted at surrealism though it never actually trespassed on surrealism's preserves; witness his *At the Chestnut Root*, which we own.

Against these tendencies was a body of painters of local life who continued to bob up and down like a snag in the current. They were led by George Luks, John Sloan, William Glackens, and Everett Shinn. Their philosophy contained nothing radical, but their corner-saloon love of city sidewalks caused them to become known as "The Ash Can School." They gloried in it. Of



THE ICEMAN BY JOSEPH HIRSCH
Second Prize of \$1,000

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these men who knew so well New York's bars and prize fights, Luks could throw picturesque paint around with muscular gusto. Sloan was honest, ironical, and realistically faithful. Glackens proved more of an impressionist. Shinn, the humorous realist, painted with vigor the fun of life.

Of course, as the old lush picture purchasers died off, the new and younger income-tax-battered little people failed to applaud the former standards. As a result, painters like Ben Foster with his *Hazy Moonrise*, which we bought, were left to themselves in their ivory towers while the modern movement followed varied trails. Some vanished. Others like John Kane with our *Turtle Creek Valley, No. 1* rose to new heights in expressing a quiet, poetic, folk art.

Then when on that October morning in 1929 the stock market took its power dive, the explosion proved as disastrous for picturemakers as for bankers, reaching a climax in 1932 when aid to artists proved beyond the power of private individuals or endowed galleries. Whereat the painter Edward Bruce and Holger Cahill conducted parallel lines of Federal assistance to artists, 90 per cent of whom were to be on relief rolls. The effort was based on the theory not of how few and good at the top but how many at the base. Consequently by October, 1940, the effort had resulted in 1,550 murals and 52,000 easel paintings. Their answers varied from noisy satire to near-surrealist abstraction which sniffed at even a superficial acquaintance with anything else that had gone ringing down the ages.

Pictorially, by now I trust I have come up to date. In proceeding with my screed I must admit that I am jittery as



PLAYING THE BANJO BY ERIC ISENBURGER
Third Prize of \$700

to what constitutes "up to date." We face a nervous task as we strive to analyze our desires, when atom bombs have exploded modernism into the social struggle, atomizing the plutocrat out and blasting the breach so that the proletariat may climb in. Our homes, our workshops, our facilities for re-creation in 1947 are no longer those of 1922. We itch for speeds, magnitudes, and "dream highways" even if we get killed on them. Take the present-day rapidity with which the ladies fire us men. In 1922 one out of eight marriages ended in divorce; in 1947 the number is two out of five. This is probably due to the fair sex's having to live with the male who places an average bet of \$50.54 when he goes to the races, and returns broke as usual to his home of radio commentators, twin beds, air conditioning, and sanitary bathroom fixtures.

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I remember when my wife could not smoke in the dining room of the Robert Treat Paine Hotel in Newark. The girl opposite me in the train the last trip I made from New York did her stuff as the champion Pullman-car chain-smoker. Paul Robeson once sang us *Old Man River*. Now the radio in the next flat tortures the fall twilight with boogie-woogie. Naturally I am akin to Erskine Caldwell, who has made it clear that we endure life but never enjoy it.

So you see, both artists and public face shattering changes, certainly to the dollars and cents detriment of painting. In 1923 we sold from our International John Singer Sargent's *Portrait of Madame Escudier* for \$15,000. Last year the highest price we obtained for a picture was \$2,000.

Nowadays in looking for canvases I call on such a collector as Joseph H. Hirshhorn, who opens the door of his swank dwelling on East Eighty-second Street where contemporary canvases hang on walls upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber. Before his plane takes off for the Philippines, he leads you to another collection in his business office. Mr. Hirshhorn's wife is Lily Harmon. Her picture, *The Donkey Game*, in the present exhibition might be called abstract art. Anyhow, it is an escape from reality.

More complicating tendencies, too, have kept on arriving from across the Atlantic. We no longer go to Paris. In fact, in our last International, in 1939, not an American painting was shipborne. But European influence has not ceased. It is just that a reverse trend produces the same answer. About a dozen painters in the current showing are relatively new arrivals in this land. I think of men like Salvador Dali, Eugene Berman, Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, George Grosz, Kurt Seligmann, Maxim Kopf, Amedee Ozenfant, and Eric Isenburger, who won our third prize with his *Playing the Banjo*. Every one of them has taken out citizenship papers and has produced work that holds high rank in our exhibition while



AMERICANA BY ELDZIER CORTOR
Honorable Mention

bringing to us a taste of foreign effort. Of course these varied trends have made painters increasingly group-conscious. Guy Pène du Bois gives us his sophisticated reflection of the American girl with *Joan* in the present exhibition. Thomas Benton, by way of swinging rhythms, represents our workaday world in *Plantation Road* in our permanent collection. Reginald Marsh has a keen eye for the comings and goings on New York streets by way of the *Girl in Green on the Bowery*, his latest contribution. We still have the American Scene enthusiasts, one section of which includes John W. Taylor with his *The Tower*, which took an honorable mention this year. There exists another

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group led by such as Raphael Soyer, who senses the sad patience of so much of the world today in his *Pensive Girl* in this year's show.

Again there are many painters who cannot be pigeonholed. Yasuo Kuniyoshi puts down his dramatic fantasy in such a canvas as *Rotting on the Shore*. Eldzier Cortor won an honorable mention with his nude negress before her background of *Americana*.

Also we turn to the ladies. Degas spoke his pretty little speech about Mary Cassatt long ago. Now since custom has opened the doors of the bars of transatlantic liners to the fair sex, women are accepted as equals in art. Their work covers a wide range. There is Georgina Klitgaard, who this year has painted us *The Mountain*. There is Kay Sage, who sent us the non-objective canvas which has a distant but fascinating connection with something *Three Thousand Miles to the Point of Beginning*.

Naturally "conservatives" fight "radicals," "realists" fight "abstractionists," and "romanticists" fight "classics" from their respective New York shelters, the National Academy on the one hand, and on the other, the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Modern Art.

National Academicians believe in interpreting the gracious side of life by way of sound technique. They range from such an experienced impressionist as Edward W. Redfield with *The Road to Center Bridge* in our permanent collection to a draftsman like Leon Kroll, who sees his classic figures with present-day eyes in *Dancers Resting* in the current exhibition. The Whitney Museum houses such men as Sol Wilson, who

has painted us *The Wreck*, which received an honorable mention this year. The Museum of Modern Art takes care of such as Arthur Osver with his abstractions like *Queens Elevated Highway* in the 1947 show.

Fortunately the clashes engendered by these distinct points of view often lead to beneficial compromises. We all must recall the artistic hurricane of the fall of 1931 when Franklin C. Watkins' *Suicide in Costume* was awarded first prize. Promptly the crowds poured in and our attendance rose to 161,747. That painting belongs to the Philadelphia Museum. Soon after, Peter Blume's *South of Scranton* produced only slightly less excitement. That drew an attendance of 137,805. It is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Now to prove to yourselves what has



THE WRECK BY SOL WILSON
Honorable Mention

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happened as the years have rolled by, step into this year's exhibition and contemplate Franklin C. Watkins' serious portrait of *Owen Josephus Roberts* and Peter Blume's thoughtfully set-up *Fracture Ward*.

Do not blame me, therefore, if I squirm a bit when asked to answer questions as to what is taste, where has it gone, when will it return, or where in our arty "Four Hundred" we can find the Ward McAllister to guide our picture-painting cotillion. In the midst of this confusion it is hard to produce a yardstick by which to measure the worth of painters. My yardstick is whether or not a painter says well what he sets out to say for a group of recognizable intelligence which he seeks to please. In the present show there can be nothing more amusingly placid than Joseph Hirsch's *The Iceman*, which won second prize. But to balance off Hirsch our exhibition includes primitives like Anna Mary Robertson Moses with her *Old Oaken Bucket*, *The Last* and non-objective painters like Jean Guerin with his *Romance*. This latter

painting well exemplifies the contemporary school of modernism. Approving critics would tell us as we looked at it that here is no reiteration of other days, that we should never try to step twice in the same stream.

Only a short time ago a pilotless plane crossed the Atlantic and came back safely. So we should be slow to gainsay Karl Knaths' desire to pioneer, for after all, Charles Hopkinson, Franklin Watkins, and Vaughn Flannery awarded first prize to his painting *Gear* in 1946. This year we acquired his *Mexican Platter* for our show thanks to the courtesy of Duncan Phillips, owner of that fine gallery in Washington, who is helping support Knaths' wish to adventure in new emotional lands.

With patience, therefore, we should seek to understand these miscellaneous differences, beneficent and malign. In our fall exhibition we should neither overdiscourage a placid scene like that represented by Rockwell Kent with his *In Clover*, nor overextol the blast of color in Abraham Rattner's *The Blind*



THE TOWER BY JOHN W. TAYLOR
Honorable Mention

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Men; or, if you wish, you may place my verbs the other way round. We should just take what we like in our stride, and not stride too far emotionally or physically. We should make up our own minds tentatively, never permanently, since the fascinating thing about art is that it constantly changes. We probably will not recognize it, but somewhere in our present exhibition or the next or the next after that there will be lurking in the discussion-provoking paint before us something of real worth. Perhaps as we stand in front of some picture that we like, or before a canvas to which we are allergic, we may be in the presence of a sample of the work of an artist who possesses, or will possess, the spark of genius.

The first prize in 1922 went to George Bellows for his painting *Eleanor, Jean and Anna*. It belongs now to the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. In our permanent collection we have Bellows' *Anne in White*. This painter had the strength to rise above all others. Neither academic nor modern, he was a man with swift technique, with masculinity in an era of soft painters, with an

absorption in the everyday life of his people.

For today in the academic tradition I think of Andrew Wyeth with his *Afternoon*. Wyeth is a leader among the younger men of his school, a position emphasized by the American Academy's Award of Merit and their \$1,000 prize given him last May. On the other hand, in 1945, the year I came back from the war, I found that Philip Guston had won our first prize. This year's canvas is not in the same line as was that one because Guston's interest is chiefly to experiment along various paths to learn which best expresses his beliefs.

This show, then, does not wish to exploit or to defend. It attempts only to render an unbiased report on what is happening to picture painting, its immediate past, its present, and its possible future, to illustrate the recent work of artists who rank in various sophisticated groups each reflecting a portion of this life of ours, which in turn my old friend Carroll Fitzhugh once told me is nothing but "a predicament preceding death."

Have patience with that predicament.

THE FOUNDER'S DAY RECEPTION

FRIENDS of Carnegie Institute gathered the evening of October 9 in the brilliantly decorated foyer of Carnegie Music Hall for the reception that marked the celebration of Founder's Day and preceded the preview of Painting in the United States, 1947. The lights of the huge gold-encrusted chandeliers, reflected in the dark green, rust, and beige marbles of the walls and floor and the gold balustrade of the balcony, provided a brilliant background for the thousand guests who were welcomed, together with members of the newly formed Fine Arts and Museum Society of the Institute. The flags of many nations hung from the balustrade.

The President, Mr. William Frew, headed the receiving line, and with him

were Mrs. Samuel Harden Church and the following trustees and heads of departments and their wives: Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus K. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Saint-Gaudens, Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Doherty, Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Bidwell, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Munn, Mr. and Mrs. Roy B. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frederic Byers, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rosenbloom, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Moorhead, Dr. O. E. Jennings, and Mr. Frederick G. Blackburn.

Masses of rhododendron were arranged down the center of the foyer and among the columns, and great bouquets of chrysanthemums in autumn shades, flanking the life-size seated bronze statue of Andrew Carnegie, made the

background for Mr. Frew's announcement of the awards in the annual art show.

The prize-winners in Painting in the United States, 1947, are as follows: First Prize of \$1,500 to Zoltan Sepeshy, of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, for *Marine Still Life*; Second Prize of \$1,000 to Joseph Hirsch, of New York City, for *The Iceman*; Third Prize of \$700 to Eric Isenburger, of New York City, for *Playing the Banjo*; Honorable Mention to Eldzier Cortor, of Chicago, Illinois, for *Americana*; Honorable Mention to John W. Taylor, of Woodstock, New York, for *The Tower*; Honorable Mention to Sol Wilson, of New York City, for *The Wreck*.

Victor Sudek's orchestra, playing from the balcony of the art galleries, provided music for the evening's promenade.

ATOMIC BOMB MINERALS

SPECIMENS of uraninite, or pitchblende, and carnotite, from which uranium, the source of atomic power is derived, have been put on display in Mineral Hall at Carnegie Museum. Although there are many other uranium-bearing minerals, these two provide the only economically expedient source.

Beryl, the ore mineral of beryllium, is also exhibited. A metal known to be very transparent to X-rays, beryllium may have been used as a window through which to bombard the uranium atoms and cause their atomic fission.

Uranium is known to occur in only about twenty-five places in the world, and most of these are less than a mile square. The first spot in importance is around Great Bear Lake in Northwest Territories, Canada; the second is the Belgian Congo; the third, Czechoslovakia, where the Curies got their ores of radium, now under the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; the fourth spot could be our own southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah.

We say "could" because with the discovery of the very rich uraninite ores of

THE FINE ARTS AND MUSEUM SOCIETY



Just six weeks ago the formation of The Fine Arts and Museum Society of Carnegie Institute was announced. Realizing that such a supporting organization is vital to the preservation of one of the great cultural centers of our country, the newspapers and radio stations caught up the story and featured it. Soon many public buildings and stores expressed their willingness to display posters and literature about the new Society to help enlist as many members as possible.

At this time it is still too early to give a very accurate account of how the membership campaign is progressing. Many important civic groups have just recently received their invitations to join. It is gratifying to be able to report, however, that each mail brings the names of many who wish to enroll in The Fine Arts and Museum Society, and very often these enrollments are accompanied by letters expressing how keenly many Pittsburghers feel the need of continuing to maintain Carnegie Institute at its present high level.

All those interested in the future of the Institute are earnestly invited to become members of this new supporting organization.

the Great Bear Lake region of Canada our own deposits have been neglected. The carnotite ores of southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah had been mined principally as a source of the vanadium and uranium used in alloy steels, with radium as a by-product. With the development of the atomic bomb, however, all uranium deposits become strategic. Since the area is a large one, the Colorado-Utah uranium deposits, fully developed, could readily become the fourth most important source in the world.—D. M. S.

SURPLUS WAR MATERIALS FOR TECH

By R. E. PORTEOUS

Editor, Carnegie Tech News Service

DESPITE astronomical costs and material shortages, Carnegie Institute of Technology has been in the process of acquiring quantities of equipment, material, and supplies badly needed to provide facilities for handling a fall enrollment of 3,600 day students—the largest number in its history.

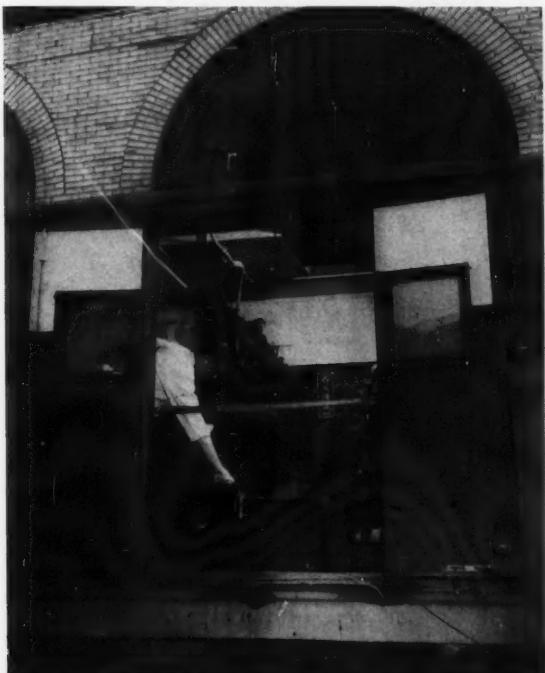
To date the institution has received materials totaling \$300,000 in replacement or market value. Fortunately for Carnegie, and for all other colleges at-

tended by veterans under the GI Bill, equipment of all types is procurable through the Veterans Educational Facilities program under the Bureau of Community Facilities branch of the Federal Works Agency. The VEF organization acts as a liaison between colleges and the War Assets Administration to facilitate acquisition of needed equipment by the schools.

The list price set by the government on the equipment received to date would total \$150,000, about half of what it would cost if bought retail on the open market, even if it could be obtained. Actually the cost to the institution has been only a fraction of the list or acquisition price, since War Assets material is available at reduced prices to colleges attended by veterans.

Gearing for the greatly increased student body has meant vigilant scrutiny of lists of War Assets material and quick action in applying for equipment required to keep the school operating as efficiently as possible, according to J. H. Coleman, in charge of war surplus procurement at Carnegie.

The opportunity to secure equipment at low cost, not only for educational requirements but also for institutional maintenance purposes, is unparalleled, in the



Stanley Hlasta, assistant professor of printing, checks a 22" x 29" offset press mounted in a trailer. The press, said to have been used overseas to print the Mediterranean edition of *Stars and Stripes*, will be used for instruction in the Department of Printing at Tech.

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

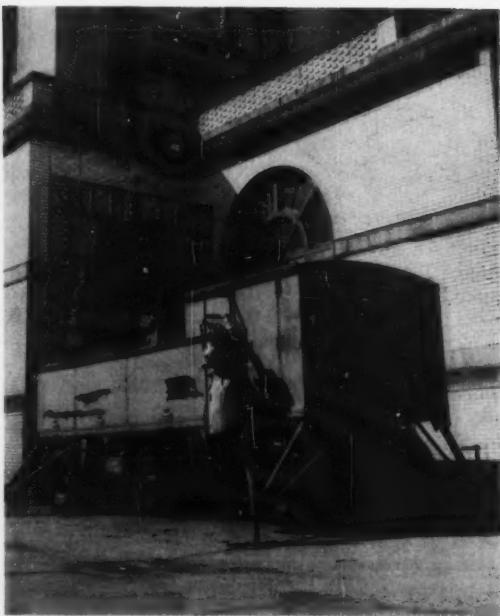
opinion of Lawrence H. Miller, assistant controller in charge of operations for the school. Mr. Miller emphasized that no equipment not necessary to the operation of Carnegie is being acquired; but that it is incumbent upon the school, operating entirely on its own funds, to take full advantage of such an unusual opportunity.

One of the most interesting of recent acquisitions is a complete 22" x 29" offset printing press, with auxiliary equipment, mounted on a 30-foot trailer. The press is reported to have been used overseas to print the Mediterranean edition of the army newspaper *Stars and Stripes* during World War II. The entire outfit including the trailer weighs 26,000 pounds and was received by rail from Richmond, Virginia, after an unsuccessful attempt to drive it over the highways to Pittsburgh. The press will be installed in the school's department of printing for instruction purposes.

A tensile-testing machine of 200,000 pounds capacity, over three times as much as machines now in use at Carnegie, is another important addition to laboratory equipment, for use by the department of metallurgical engineering. Tensile testing, the pulling apart of a metal sample of specified dimensions to determine its tensile strength, is an indispensable tool of metallurgical investigation.

Carnegie's Metals Research Laboratory has received an industrial X-ray unit of the stationary floor type, also acquired under the same program. The unit will supplement present worn equipment used for instruction in this phase of metallurgical testing.

Three cranes, the largest having a capacity of 35 tons, will greatly facil-



A Carnegie official climbs one of the bulky trailer-mounted radar units recently acquired by the school. The unit is of the fire-control type used to control accuracy of anti-aircraft guns. It will be used for graduate instruction.

tate the handling of heavy machinery on the campus. The largest crane will be used to assemble the ponderous parts of Carnegie's synchro-cyclotron.

Two ice-making plants have been received for mechanical engineering laboratory use, and electronics instruments of various types have been secured for the department of electrical engineering.

Wartime developments in engineering and science have brought corresponding adjustments in engineering education. An example of progress in laboratory equipment are the three radar units presented as gifts to the department of electrical engineering by government agencies and an industrial organization. Two of the radar units are mobile, trailer-mounted, and are of the GL or gun-laying, fire-control type, used during the war to control accuracy of anti-aircraft gunfire. The third unit is a smaller, stationary EW

or early warning type, used to alert military installations and to plot operations. The radar equipment will be used for graduate instruction.

Equipment and material received or ordered so far is of many different sorts. The following list indicates something of the diversity only, with no consideration of quantity, of the material obtained under the program:

Batteries	Insulation
Blowers	Jacks, 3- to 5-ton
Cabinets for blueprints	Lamps
Cleaners, industrial vacuum	Laundry equipment
Clocks	Levels for surveying
Cloth	Machine tools
Cordage	Motor generator set
Drafting machines	Office equipment
Electrical hardware	Paper
Electronics items	Photographic equipment
Extinguishers	Plumbing equipment
Fans, exhaust	Pumps
Furnace	Refrigerator
Grinders for garbage	Stereoscopes
Heaters	Tables
Hydraulic hose	Tools, hand
Ice plants	Transits
Instruments, recording and testing	Typewriters
	Vehicles, motor

A NEW GENTIAN

A new variety of gentian discovered by Dr. O. E. Jennings is described by him in a recent issue of *Castanea*, the journal of the Southern Appalachian Botanical Club. This blue-flowered bottle gentian differs from other bottle gentians in having narrow leaves and open-tipped flowers. It has been named variety *allegheniensis* of the Coastal Plain *Gentiana Saponaria*.

Dr. Jennings found the first specimen in mid-October, 1941, in a mountain cranberry glade in Fayette County, northeast of Uniontown. His conviction that this was a new variety was affirmed just last year when he found another, also in a shallow, sandy, cranberry-sphagnum bog in Fayette County at Markleysburg.

The type specimen is in the herbarium of the Carnegie Museum and a duplicate has been deposited at the West Virginia University.

TREE OF THE MONTH



AFTER the red and sugar maples have laid down their scarlet and golden carpet of fallen leaves in late October, the scarlet oak takes its place as our most brilliantly colorful tree. Its scarlet, late-autumn colors are the brightest of all our oaks, and

its leaves hang on the longest—often well into spring. The cork cells at the base of the petiole, largely responsible for the fall of the leaf after sudden frosts, seem to appear slowly in oaks.

Thriving even on dry, poor soils and, like its close relative the pin oak, often planted as an ornamental tree, it is abundantly at home on the dry, stony soils of our mountain slopes and steep hillsides. Like the pin oak, its leaves are deeply cut with beautifully rounded indentations, so deep that much light filters through the trees. Because of the "checkered shade" thus cast, these two oaks have come into favor for planting on grassy lawns and in parks.

Trees, like people, have personality, both individually and according to their kind. The autumn foliage of the white oak varies from wine-red to violet-purple, while that of the chestnut oak is a dull orange. Both have blunt lobes on the leaves, and the acorns ripen the first year. The other group—the red, black, pin, shingle, and scarlet oaks—ripens the acorns the second year after flowering, and the leaves have sharp, bristle-tipped lobes. These are the oaks that set the late woods aflame. From the reds and brownish-oranges of the red oak through the shining reds of the black oak, the scarlet oak brings the late autumn color show to a culmination of brilliant, translucent scarlet.

—O. E. J.

MAMMALS OF PENNSYLVANIA

BY REINHOLD L. FRICKE

Preparator in the Section of Education, Carnegie Museum

(Continued from last month)

THE fox family is represented by two specimens, the red fox and the gray fox. The well-known red fox is at present found in good numbers all over the state. This fur animal has increased in such numbers that the Pennsylvania Game Commission is waging a campaign against it and paying a \$4.00 bounty on the pelt of this sly creature to encourage hunters and trappers in controlling it. Several red foxes have been trapped within Pittsburgh city limits recently.

The gray fox is more of a woodland dweller than is the red fox. Adept in

climbing trees, it often escapes in this manner when pursued by hounds. As its fur is of little value it is less sought after than its more valuable cousin. A bounty is also paid for its scalp.

The only member of the cat family still native to our state is the bay lynx or bobcat, the first name resulting from its color and the second pertaining to its short tail. Adults average 33 inches in length and a very large male may weigh 36 pounds. Females are smaller. They feed on various small mammals and birds and sometimes will attack a



TWO LITTLE FOXES TREE A BOBCAT, BUT THE GROUNDHOG AND THE DEER MICE ARE ENTIRELY UNCONCERNED.

sick or young deer. The paying of bounty on these cats has been discontinued in our state because of their scarcity.

The young female cat in our exhibit was collected by Fish Warden George Cross of Clinton County, who hunts these animals with dogs and captures them alive. Our specimen arrived at the Museum last February in a fit and fighting mood. Pictures of it appeared in most of the local papers. It is shown in the center panel of the exhibit on a stub, with uplifted paw ready for action in case the two foxes surveying it show more than a casual interest. Although wildcats run from most dogs, I believe they do not fear foxes, as remnants of both species of these mammals have been found in the stomachs of large bobcats.

The gnawing mammals or rodents have a large representation in our local fauna. Belonging to the first family in this order is the woodchuck or groundhog. Very common throughout the area and active during daylight hours, it is well known by most people. This marmot is a vegetarian and feeds well during the summer months to build up a good store of fat which is used as nourishment during the long hibernation period in the cold winter months. During late February and early March its tracks may be seen leading from one den to another, probably searching for a mate. This may be the reason that it is credited with being a weather prophet on Candlemas Day, February 2. I believe its ability as a weather prophet is grossly overrated and stems from an old-world legend. The Indians had a

similar myth about the hibernating black bear. A large groundhog is shown in the center panel of the exhibit.

Another rodent that sleeps most of the winter is the handsomely striped chipmunk, ground squirrel, or "grinny," as it is called locally. Living in burrows, it busily gathers food during the day in summer and early fall to store underground for winter provender, for use when mild weather arouses it from its deep sleep. Equipped with internal cheek pouches that are used as baskets to transport its loot to a storehouse, it often appears to have a bad case of mumps. Omnivorous, its diet is varied but for winter storage most of its food consists of berries, seeds, and nuts.

In the tree-squirrel family are the pert, saucy, red squirrels. These pretty little fellows are active the year around, only "holing up" during the severest storms. They store nuts, seeds, and fungi for future use. Much of their food consists of the seeds taken from the cones of evergreens, hence the common name of "piney." Two specimens are shown in our exhibit, one in the red summer coat with a dark median line between the reddish back and the white fur of the underparts. The winter squirrel is grayer without the black stripes and has tufted ears.

The gray squirrel so common in our city parks is shown in both of its color phases, the normal gray and the melanistic or black squirrel. The black shown in our case is one of the rusty-colored ones. Specimens of this phase often have a shiny jet-black coat.

The largest of our tree squirrels is the western fox squirrel, which often at-



A FIT AND FIGHTING MOOD



A Chipmunk and a western fox squirrel face each other, two red squirrels perch at upper left, and at the right are shown two flying squirrels.

tains a weight of two and a half pounds. Pennsylvania is on the eastern edge of its range, and consequently this large reddish-brown squirrel is most common in the counties along the Ohio line. The bulky nests of twigs and dried leaves high up in the forest trees are usually the summer homes of these squirrels. Sometimes these tree nests are also used in the winter, but more often a snug retreat in a hollow tree provides greater safety and more comfort when a storm is raging. The fox squirrel, as well as the gray, plants many trees by burying nuts in the fall and failing to retrieve them later.

The misnamed flying squirrels, who really are gliding squirrels, complete the roster of the squirrel family. Those nocturnal soft-furred creatures, unlike other squirrels, have a prominent fold of loose skin from the wrists to the ankles, which form a winglike surface when the four feet are extended. In gliding they take off from a height in a graceful, descending curve, guiding themselves by means of their well furred, laterally flattened tails. When approaching a landing they check themselves with a gentle upward swing, to land head up on a neighboring tree, up

which they scamper to repeat their glide. Large lustrous eyes enable them to seek their food at night. Besides fruit, seeds, and nuts, animal food is often eaten by these pretty little rodents. The squirrels are very sociable with their own kind, and sometimes a dozen or more may be routed out of their hollow-tree abode. When captured young they make ideal pets. I have often carried one about in my coat pocket.

Two specimens are shown in the exhibit: the small eastern flying squirrel is in an alert position, while the larger, more rusty-colored Mearn's or northern flying squirrel is shown beginning a glide. Mrs. Paul Wible collected the northern squirrel as well as many other specimens for the Museum near her camp in Potter County.

(To be concluded in December)

MAKING AMERICA SAFE FOR DIFFERENCES

CARNEGIE Library of Pittsburgh is one of eleven civic organizations sponsoring the second annual Institute on Human Relations to be held at the Schenley Hotel on November 19, with the theme, "Making America Safe for Differences."

Professor F. Ernest Johnson of Columbia University will give the keynote address at luncheon and a panel discussion will be led by Dr. Marie Jahoda, psychologist; Dr. W. Lloyd Warner, sociologist; and Dr. Robert C. Weaver, economist. The afternoon clinics will be handled by local leaders assisted by the panel speakers.

HE DID NOT CHOOSE TO FLY

By JOHN CLARK

Curator of Physical Geology, Carnegie Museum

"COME right away, I've found something!"

These words, shouted as a group of us were working in the badlands of southwestern Wyoming, the summer of 1941, started me on a run to the spot. They also started a 35-million-year-old bird on a trip from Wyoming to Pittsburgh, thence to Washington, D. C., then back to Pittsburgh—farther, doubtless, than he ever traveled during his lifetime.

One of my field assistants, Henry Stoll, of Princeton, first noticed the small, hollow bones protruding from a sandstone boulder as big as an ordinary room. When we started chipping the sandstone away, we thought that we probably had a fossil rabbit. Not until the first wing bone lay exposed did we realize the almost incredible truth—that it was not merely one bone, but most of the skeleton of a fossil bird.

Birds are the rarest of all fossil vertebrates. They almost always escape floods and other catastrophes which would bury and preserve them and are killed either by their enemies who eat them or by sudden storms that leave their bodies exposed to those same enemies. Their bones are so hollow and fragile that the few which are buried are usually smashed to bits by the weight of the overlying sand and mud. A single well-pre-

served bone is regarded as a prize in any museum. There exist not over thirty well-preserved skeletons to represent the whole history of birds from their beginning 140 million years ago up to the early Ice Age about a million years ago.

Carefully controlling our elation, we chipped a trench around the part of the rock containing the precious bones, covered the small block with a burlap-and-plaster jacket, and removed it.

Then began the long trek to Pittsburgh: 38 miles cross-country in our car to the nearest road; 55 miles by road to the city of Rock Springs, Wyoming, where the block was boxed and freighted the 1,700 miles to the then Smoky City. Serafino Agostini, our senior preparator in the department of paleontology at the Museum, undertook the delicate task of freeing the bones from their entombing sandstone.

After arduous months with microscope and needles, the work was finished.

The next step was to study the skeleton to find exactly what kind of bird we had and what light it might throw on the history of birds in general. For this we sent the skeleton to Dr. A. Wetmore, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the foremost authority on fossil birds. He finished his study



EOCATHARTES GRALLATOR

in 1943, but World War II interrupted the progress of our bird at that point. Dr. Wetmore's scientific study was published in 1944; only recently Arnold Lewis, our preparator, mounted the skeleton in plaster so that the people of Pittsburgh may see it.

Stoll, Clark, Agostini, Wetmore, Lewis! Five men co-operating to bring one specimen before the people of Pittsburgh. We have told this story in some detail to illustrate how many processes and how many men must operate before a fossil vertebrate can appear in the exhibition hall.

And what of the bird himself? Dr. Wetmore found that he represents an entire family of birds previously unknown. He was a vulture, but a vulture who lived on the ground and was almost unable to fly! Most of us think of the vulture as a great, black bird soaring in magnificent circles through the summer sky. As one author describes him, the modern vulture is "the epitome of grace while in the air, and of ugliness while on the ground."

Even the casual visitor can see that our ancient vulture had a head as large as an eagle's, legs and feet as long as a turkey's, and a small body with wings no larger than a crow's. The restoration shows him striding about on the shores of one of the shallow lakes that dotted the ancient Wyoming landscape, feeding on dead fish and other carrion. His short wings would carry him on brief, fluttering excursions into the air, but anything like sustained flight or soaring was impossible. Dr. Wetmore gave him the scientific name *Eocathartes grallator*, which means "the running dawn-vulture."

John Clark and his assistant Arnold Lewis left last month for three months' field work in the west. They are joining J. LeRoy Kay in the Uinta Basin of northeastern Utah and will be working in the Eocene strata.

As it becomes colder the party will move to southwestern Utah to hunt fossil reptiles in the Triassic period, which is almost entirely unrepresented in the paleontological collection of Carnegie Museum. Later they will work in the Mojave Desert of California, searching for fossil camels.

Thus, here was evidently one family from the great flying clan of hawks and vultures who forsook the air and took up life on the ground again. Gradually this family lost the power of flight until, by the time our bird lived, it was almost gone. Apparently some birds, like some people, do not appreciate a good thing when they have it.

Since that day, one other family of the hawk-vulture clan has also returned to the ground. The secretary-birds of Africa are also hawks, but they live by running down snakes and other small game rather than by flying in search of their food. Like our vulture they have powerful heads, long legs, and short wings. Thus two families of a clan that ordinarily flies magnificently have abandoned the clan custom and returned to their ancestral dwelling place, the ground.



A RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT VULTURE

CARNEGIE MUSEUM ANNALS

FOSSILS ARE HIS BUSINESS

THE word "fossil," in case you hadn't realized it, literally means anything that is dug up, for the word comes from the Latin verb *fodere*, meaning "to dig up." However, paleontologists arbitrarily apply the word to plants and animals that date back 25,000 years to the end of the Ice Age, before modern climate set in bringing with it modern flora and fauna.

A fossil may be entirely the original bone of the creature or it may be a completely different material, substituted through the years, or, again, it may be any degree of substitution between.

The minerals carried by water as it seeped through the ground around the buried creature determined the composition of the replacing material—it may be lime, silica, copper, manganese dioxide, iron hydroxide. The smaller bones of a fossil are likely to be extremely fragile; the large ones may be very heavy. Some fossils are radioactive—not dangerously so, but sufficient to photograph themselves, given long enough time.

Fossils are Serafino Agostini's daily business. He came to Carnegie Museum forty-three years ago to work on the giant *Diplodocus carnegiei*, the first of the Museum's collection of dinosaurs. He is here pictured with a tiny fossil deer that he completed a year or so ago, one of his special pets.

Quizzed about his favorite displays, he replies forthrightly: "Why, I'm

proud of the whole Hall." However, the little deer, technically known as *Hypertragulus*, one of the most delicate skeletons ever to be mounted in the round anywhere in the world, he is very fond of, as well as a group of three small camels, *Stenomylus*, also of very fragile framework. The Carnegie Hall of Mammals is probably the highest quality paleontological exhibit in the world, for less than one bone in ten on display is of plaster. Only complete skeletons are on exhibit. The Hall of Fossil Mammals, which, with the Hall of Fossil Reptiles,

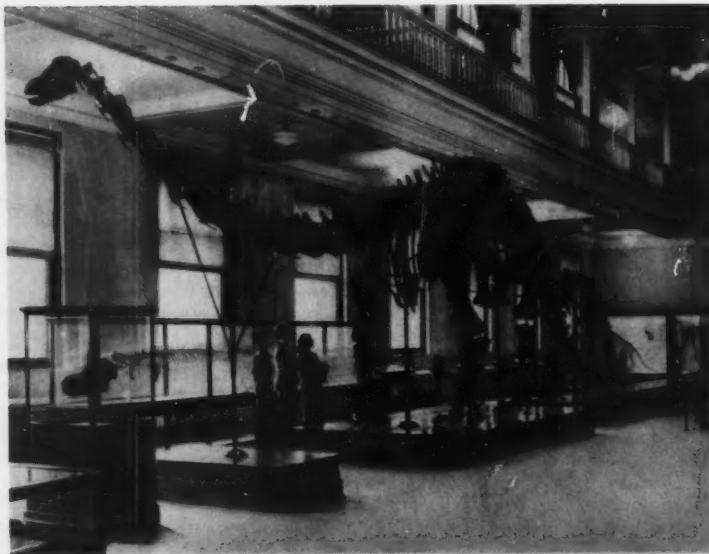
comprises the Museum's collection of fossil vertebrates, exhibits nearly forty mounted skeletons, of which all but three are Mr. Agostini's work.

Fossils arrive at the Museum embedded in blocks of stone which have been cut and carefully packed by members of the staff working in the field. The bones must be carefully chipped from the stone, cleaned, strengthened, and mounted according to a scientific diagram. For his work Mr. Agostini uses dental tools and leather-worker's tools. Sometimes he designs his own implements, and for this the laboratory in the basement of the Museum, informally termed "the bone room," is equipped with a gas forge and anvil.

Andrew Carnegie was enthusiastically interested in the newly discovered dinosaurs in 1903 and had sponsored the expedition which unearthed the giant



MR. AGOSTINI AT WORK



THE GIANT DIPLODOCUS CARNEGIEI, SEVENTY-EIGHT FEET LONG, HAS FASCINATED VISITORS AT CARNEGIE MUSEUM FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS.

Diplodocus carnegiei in Wyoming. As a gesture of international good will he wanted to ship overseas to several foreign countries plaster duplicates of this huge dinosaur, the like of which had never been seen by scientists abroad. Making of the duplicates was an unusual task and a complicated one—but fortunately Mr. Agostini was found and he was willing to try. At the time he had been working for eight years with a Pittsburgh manufacturer of church statuary. He had come to this country from Italy as a youth of fifteen.

To produce the plaster dinosaurs, a cast had to be made of each bone. The entire bone could not be copied at one time but, protected by a thin coating of wax, must be marked off by wax ridges into small sections, sometimes as many as twenty to one bone. Then plaster was poured on. Assembled in the shape of the whole bone, this shell was filled with glue, which hardened. After the sections of plaster were removed, a complete plaster cast of the bone was made around this glue model. The plaster

could not be cast directly on the bone because of its brittleness. Wire and iron reinforcements were then added to the bones. Shipping of the plaster bones for an entire *Diplodocus carnegiei* took thirty-five boxes. Dr. William J. Holland, then director of the Museum, and Arthur Coggeshall, then laboratory head and now director of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, traveled to each foreign museum to direct the assemblage of the skeleton. France, Germany, England, Austria, Italy, Russia, Spain, Argentina, and Mexico received a copy.

After the plaster duplicates were made, the original *Diplodocus carnegiei* had to be mounted. Mr. Agostini and the two Coggeshall brothers worked for two years to complete the task. It was one of the first skeletons of a dinosaur, or giant reptile, to be put on display.

When the work was finished, Mr. Agostini asked Dr. Holland for a job. "He said, 'All right,'—and so I'm still here," the senior preparator explains with a twinkle in his eye. The depart-



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



GIFTS for the Carnegie Institute this fall have come mainly in the form of membership fees in the newly organized Fine Arts and Museum Society.

Aside from this, we shall continue the list of contributors to the David H. Light Memorial Record Library, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rosenberg, Charles J. Rosenbloom, Dr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Rosenburg, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Rosenthal, Reverend

Carlo Rossini, David Rothman, Dallmeyer Russell, S. & S. Printing Co., Mrs. Jack B. Sack, Victor Saudek, Herbert F. Saylor, Mary B. Scanlon, Emil Schmidt, H. Kloman Schmidt, Harold M. Seder, Joseph A. Shenkan, Mrs. Noah P. Sher, Mrs. Mark Shields, A. E. Shier, Mrs. Leo Shonfield, David Silverblatt, Dr. Alexander Silverman, Charles D. Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Sissman, and Paul Sladek.

ment of mammals needed a preparator and his skill in delicate work had been demonstrated, so Mr. Agostini entered that department. During the years he has given training in his unique and personally developed methods to men who have gone far in Museum work, among them J. LeRoy Kay and John Clark, present curators at Carnegie Museum. He will retire early this next year and has been urged to rejoin the statuary manufacturer, but hasn't yet made up his mind. He will, at least, continue with his hobby of repairing things for his friends—china, marble, jewelry, "a little bit of everything."

While the work on *Diplodocus carnegiei* was going on, it became evident that the small Museum rooms, which were located in a wing of the present Carnegie Library, would not provide sufficient room for display of the huge skeleton. Thus his interest in dinosaurs was partially responsible for Mr. Carnegie's decision to provide more space for the Museum and Fine Arts Departments, and the enlarged Carnegie Institute was formally opened to the public in April 1907.

In the early days of the century there were about six different paleontological collections in the country—at Yale, at the American Museum, one in Philadelphia, among others. Today work in this field is being done at some forty

different institutions. Its development is moving slowly now, however, because the surface discoveries have mostly been made and because the work is supported largely by endowment. On the other hand, the fossils that are found today are just recently exposed by the elements and consequently are of better quality than many earlier finds.

—J. F. S.

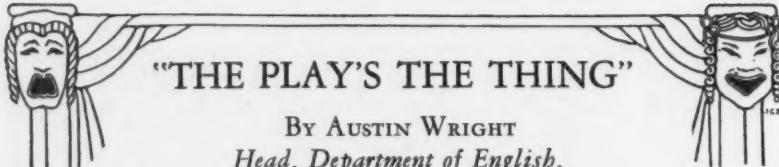
• • TREASURE CHEST • •

One treasured reference work in the Technology Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh is the complete set of specifications and drawings of British patents extending back to 1617. Very few of these sets, issued over a period of more than three centuries, are available in America. Not many libraries have even the current issues, but the Technology Department every year receives some eight thousand patents which must be temporarily filed and later bound.

Many of the early drawings were of large size, up to eight feet or more, and the Library gave careful attention to their preservation by mounting each sheet on muslin. For many years, when drawings were published in uniform size, each volume was bound with a dust flap to protect it.

Because of their industrial importance many of these patents are included in abstracting journals. Thus through a single medium, such as *Chemical Abstracts*, abstracts of patents may be brought to the attention of more than forty thousand readers. Such journals are, of course, available in the Technology Department.

—E. H. McC.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

By AUSTIN WRIGHT

Head, Department of English,
Carnegie Institute of Technology

LAST summer, for the first time since before World War II, the department of drama of Carnegie Tech presented a series of plays as part of the program of the summer session in the College of Fine Arts. This revival of the pleasant custom of former years was welcomed gratefully by the theatre-goers otherwise doomed for the most part to a four-month drought.

The first of the three plays to be presented was *Mr. and Mrs. North*, a combination of farce and detective story dramatized by Owen Davis from stories by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Solid, responsible Mr. North and his scatterbrained wife find themselves in the very center of a murder mystery when, upon returning to their New York apartment after a brief absence, they discover a body in a closet. The unraveling of the mystery requires the introduction of a bevy of police officials, a parade of friends and acquaintances to provide the necessary suspects, the murder of an inoffensive postman who knows too much, and considerable amateur sleuthing and one lucky outburst of chatter on the part of the irrepressible Mrs. North.

This ephemeral little comedy was played at Tech with a smoothness hardly to be expected in view of the very limited time for rehearsal which Talbot Pearson, who directed, had at his disposal. *Mr. and Mrs. North* is the sort of play in which the timing must be just right and the dialogue must be spoken with just the proper balance between the serious and the farcical if audiences are to react properly; and though there were awkward moments, the dramatic illusion was on the whole sustained. The comic passages were competently handled; and at least at

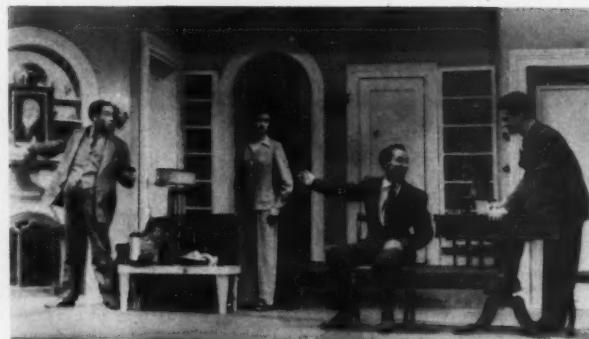
one spot—just before and after the murder of the postman—I confess to having experienced a chill. There was an able performance in the exacting role of the harried Mr. North, though at first the actor seemed ill at ease. In the opening scenes the actress who played Mrs. North did not quite have the complete insouciance essential to the part, but as the evening progressed she immersed herself in the role and to all appearances became the irresponsible, featherheaded, and somewhat infuriating creature conceived by the authors. Lieutenant Weigand, the principal investigating officer, was played throughout with quiet effectiveness; the clowning of Detective Mullins appealed to my notoriously low sense of comedy; and there was an outstanding performance in the minor role of Buono, janitor of the apartment building.

The best that can be said for the play itself is that it is typical summer-theatre fare. I cannot understand why it was such a success on Broadway. The comic elements in it are amusing, though Mrs. North is sometimes very hard to take indeed, but the presentation of the relationships between the murdered man and the various suspects is downright dull.

The second production of the summer season also dealt with death, but in a different manner. Perhaps a philosopher may draw a conclusion from the fact that in contemporary drama murder has come to be something to be treated lightly in the spirit of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, instead of the grim ultimate reality which lurks within earshot of the merrymaking in *Everyman*. At any rate, the solemn, imposing speeches of the old morality play strike with the sharpness of a stab of pain and make our

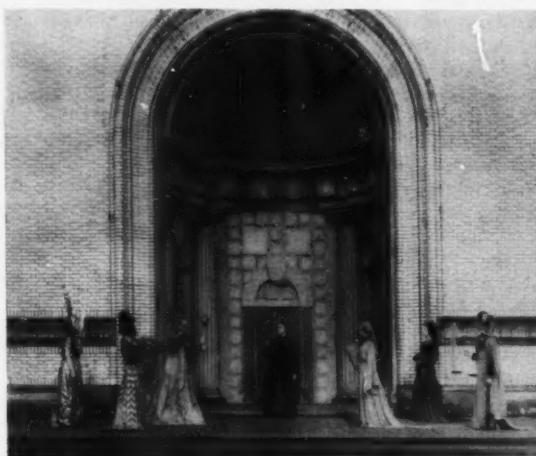
trivial daily occupations appear suddenly insignificant and absurd. *Everyman* is the best known of those religious allegories which appeared in England and elsewhere in Western Europe in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries and contributed importantly to the formation of the great tragic drama of the Elizabethan period. Its theme is succinctly stated in what would be called today the sub-title: "A Treatise how the hye fader of heven sendeth deth to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this worlde." Surprised in the midst of a gay and utterly worldly career by the summons of Death, Everyman is speedily deserted by his faithless companions in riotous living, and finds only Good-Deeds—weak and sorely bound by his sins though she be—willing to walk at his side into the next world.

This thoughtful and poignant mor-



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "MR. AND MRS. NORTH"

ality was beautifully staged on the terrace before the College of Fine Arts under the direction of George McCalmon. The outdoor setting not only suggested the conditions in which such plays were produced four or five centuries ago but conveyed a sense of spaciousness which added greatly to the impressiveness of the spectacle. The speeches of God and the Angel had a strangely supernal quality when spoken from the roof of the Fine Arts building against a background of slowly darkening sky, and the stately entrances of other characters from the vast wings of the "stage" acquired a dignity which could not have been obtained indoors. The rich costumes were superb, and the chilling contrast between the dark-robed skeleton figure of Death and the gaily clad Everyman and his merry companions was highly effective. The player in the all-important role of Everyman gave a skillful and mature performance, and the production was studded with first-rate characterizations—particularly Goods and Good-Deeds. The diction, by which



THE CAST OF "EVERYMAN"



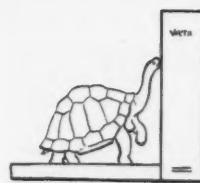
A SCENE FROM "VILLAGE GREEN"

the success or failure of any production of *Everyman* and particularly an outdoor production must be largely determined, was almost without flaw.

The season closed with *Village Green*, by Carl Allensworth, a comedy which did not do well on Broadway six years ago when the late Frank Craven starred in it but which has been successful in summer theatres. "Judge" Homer W. Peabody, of North Oxford, New Hampshire, is the perennial Democratic candidate for state senator in an overwhelmingly Republican district, and his ninth campaign seems likely to be no more successful than the other eight. The outlook grows even darker when young Jeremiah Bentham, struggling artist commissioned by the Judge and his fellow-selectmen to paint murals in the town hall, stirs up a hornet's nest by creating a symbolic figure of a nearly nude young woman suckling an infant. But the worst blow falls when it is discovered that Jeremiah, who has been rejected by the Judge's daughter Harriet even though she really loves him, has unconsciously made the face of the young woman an unmistakable portrait of Harriet! The Judge, already hamstrung and thwarted in his campaign by powerful enemies with whom he has refused to make a shady deal, now finds himself and his humiliated daughter persecuted by Puritan busybodies. But he and his shrewd political crony Zeke Bentham, father of Jeremiah, seize upon the incident of the

mural as a test of freedom of expression, and with the help of *Life* magazine the issue becomes national in scope. An opportune but quickly extinguished fire at the town hall, obviously started with malicious intent by means of kerosene, is universally interpreted as an attempt of the Puritan extremists to destroy the offending mural. The tide of opinion turns, and by the end of the play Judge Peabody is apparently destined to be the first Democrat from his district to sit in the Senate at Concord since the administration of Grover Cleveland; Harriet and Jeremiah are reconciled, and a bright future looms for the young artist. There is a good final curtain when the astonished Judge smells kerosene on the clothes of the practical Zeke.

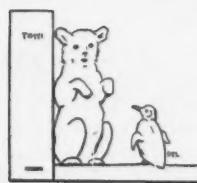
Unfortunately I was not able to attend a performance of this play at Tech, but I have read it and Arbuthnot and other friends have kindly given me their impressions of the production. Their highly favorable report seems to me a tribute to the direction of Talbot Pearson and the acting of the student players, for a reading does not leave one with a lofty opinion of the play itself. The dialogue, however, is natural, and my informants praised warmly the intelligent, skillful handling of the casual, lifelike speeches, without taint of melodrama or of farce. The actor who played Judge Peabody received particular commendation, but there were kind words for the lesser roles.



THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

BY M. GRAHAM NETTING

Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum



LOGBOOK FOR GRACE By ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY. New York: Macmillan Company. 1947.
29 p., 3 maps, 5 sketches. \$4.00. Carnegie Library call no. 910.4 M 97.



ONE of the classics of twentieth-century natural history is Robert Cushman Murphy's encyclopedic *Oceanic Birds of South America*, issued in two sumptuous volumes by the American Museum of Natural

finished, and ships will pass through the Panama Canal next year. A Zeppelin has flown over the Baltic Sea to Sweden. An aeroplane has carried mail across Long Island Sound, and Glenn Curtis predicts ultimate speeds of close to 200 miles an hour. Herschel Parker has attained the summit of Mount McKinley. The ladies are sure to win suffrage soon. The opera season in New York opened 'brilliantly,' with Caruso and Bori in *Manon Lescaut*. And Harvard beat Yale 20-0. . . ."

Day by day—becalmed in the Sargasso Sea, at night after nine hours fast to a forty-barrel bull whale, in a tent ashore on South Georgia with fighting sea elephants in the front yard—Murphy wrote a highly personal log for transmittal, as rare opportunity offered, to his wife. He wrote as a lonely man writes to bridge the gap to loved ones, fervently and as mood willed, with no slavish unity of style, seriously today, whimsically tomorrow. He wrote, without dream of royalties or eye to movie rights, of the doings and misdoings of thirty-four men cooped up together on a 383-ton sailing ship, a log not meant for publication. That it has finally been published, with some intimate passages deleted and some natural history notes added from scientific notebooks, is our great good fortune.

Even readers familiar with *Moby Dick*, *Two Years Before the Mast*, and other sagas of wooden ships and iron men will find in this book many observations about the varied fauna of the sea and many details of whaling procedures that are new to them. Murphy describes every step of old-style sperm whaling beginning with the lookout's

History in 1936. An inscribed set is one of the prized and oft-consulted items in my zoogeographic library. Years of bird collecting and nature study went into the writing of this great work but the groundwork for it was laid thirty-five years ago.

Young naturalist Murphy, midway of an epochal year that began with graduation from Brown and was to culminate with marriage, had mentally rejected an opportunity to visit the southernmost Atlantic as supercargo on a New Bedford whaler. His fiancee, however, gave his career triple-A priority. She roused him from bed with an admonitory telegram, advanced the wedding date, assembled a year-long quota of letters to be opened periodically, and a few months later in Dominica bade him and the whaling brig *Daisy Godspeed*.

This was in mid-1912, only a few decades ago in time, but far removed in world happenings. Later the same year the seafaring bridegroom summarized news gleaned from newspapers that reached South Georgia. "I learn that Jacques Loeb has grown a 'fatherless frog,' Grand Central Station is

first identification, "by their spouts shall ye know them." He learned while pulling the oar of a whaleboat that intimate and hazardous contact with the prey was necessary. "Most land-lubbers suppose—as I did formerly—that a Yankee whaleman captures his prey by maneuvering the boat somewhere near the whale and then throwing the harpoon at it. Nothing of the sort! The harpoon is not 'thrown'; it is planted. It rarely leaves the hands of the boatsteerer until the boat has been beached on the whale's back. 'Wood to blackskin,' is the muttered or grunted order by which the boatheader holds his harpooneer's eagerness in check while the craft is sailing, or being pulled, onto the whale."

Murphy saw the killing lances administer the bloody *coup de grace*, and, later, the officers plying their razor-edged blubber spades from a swaying cutting-in platform suspended above a buoyant sperm whale moored alongside. He witnessed the probing of the viscera in search of always hoped-for but rarely found ambergris, the bailing of valuable spermaceti from the "case" in the head, and the boiling of blubber in the tryworks, a self-supporting process in which "the boiled-out blubber of one victim is used to cook the next one."

Murphy's voyage was made at an especially fortunate time for he not only learned the ancient ways firsthand aboard one of the last of the square-riggers, but he also visited South Georgia shortly after the dawn of mechanized whaling. Here the Old Man, a merciless butcher of sea elephants, marveled "goggle-eyed over the big-scale butchery of modern whaling," and Murphy boarded the steamer *Fortuna*, first of the modern whale-chasers to operate commercially in far southern waters, to observe the deadly effectiveness of bomb-tipped harpoons fired from whale guns and to learn the technique of pumping air into the body cavities of humpback and blue whales to make them buoyant enough to be towed to the factory ashore.

Whales, however, do not monopolize the chapters. Birds flit in and out of the pages in a most entrancing fashion. Sometimes their entry is dramatic. "I now belong to a higher cult of mortals, for I have seen the albatross! Long before I had dared hope, up here on the 23d parallel, I have been watching the wonderful gliding of the grandest of birds during much of the day." Sometimes the avian multitude gives rise to levity. "The birds flew round the brig today in a truly wonderful feathered array. Skuas, petrels, gulls, and widgeons; stinkers, shags, and smart Cape pigeons; whalebirds, albatrosses, paddies; half-grown terns and their red-billed daddies; and penguins in the water below—'twas a sight to beat a Wild West show!"

Especially varied and enjoyable are the chapters devoted to South Georgia, that bleak island 1,200 miles east of Cape Horn which boasts jellyfish "as large as an open umbrella" and williwaws so violent that beached thirty-foot whaleboats have to be weighed down with stones to keep them from being rolled over by the wind. Here Murphy studied the courtship of gentoo penguins and was, in spite of his stature, mistaken for a female of the species by a myopic suitor. "Today a cock bird laid a pebble at my feet, a compliment properly followed by ceremonial bowing and, I hope, by mutual sentiments of high esteem."

Carnegie Institute's Department of Fine Arts, in its well formulated program for educating children in creative art, has the custom of bestowing the accolade "best of the best" upon the most meritorious sketches made by the youthful artists. I endeavor to review some of the best contemporary natural history books; of these *Logbook for Grace* is patently one of the "best of the best." It adds so much literary stature to its already distinguished author that even scientists may find themselves omitting mention of Murphy's scholarly works in their eagerness to direct the attention of students to the "Logbook."

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

INCIDENTALLY

"Is this a diplodocus or brontosaurus?" inquires an illustrated folder that has recently been carried home by 150,000 school children. The folders were distributed through the schools by courtesy of the Board of Public Education.

"It's a diplodocus, as your child probably knows," the folder goes on to explain to interested parents. "This is just one of the many questions children in the Pittsburgh area can answer because they avail themselves of the facilities offered to students by Carnegie Institute."

The folder is one expression of the invitation that is being offered to Pittsburghers to become charter members of The Fine Arts and Museum Society of Carnegie Institute.

* * *

A new pocket book list issued by the James Anderson Room of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh suggests interesting new titles under the following headings: Dogs and Horses; Know-how Books; Interesting People; Time-tested Novels; Romance and Adventure.

* * *

Forty women from as many nations visited Carnegie Institute on September 16, with Mrs. John M. Phillips acting as their guide. The group spent several days touring Pittsburgh.

During the month 57,707 persons visited Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

* * *

Dr. O. E. Jennings was recently called upon as consultant in a medical case. Two local eight-year-old boys had eaten the seeds from burrs they found in a vacant lot and shortly after were seized with fever and delirium. Their physician checked his old botany book and then talked the case over with Dr. Jennings.

The burrs were from the Jamestown, or Jimson weed, *datura stramonium*, containing a natural chemical often used in medicine as a powerful narcotic. According to Dr. Jennings, back in 1608 seeds from the weed poisoned many colonists in Jamestown, Virginia, and they are said to have produced the frenzied raving of the ancient oracle at Delphi.

The physician prescribed sedatives.

Dr. Jennings, by the way, has been re-elected president of the Botanical Society of Western Pennsylvania. He has served in this capacity since 1936.

* * *

Carnegie Music Hall will turn broadcasting studio at half-past eleven each Saturday morning this winter, beginning November 1, for the weekly half-hour "Quiz-down" program sponsored jointly by *The Pittsburgh Press* and Station KQV.

Two schools represented by teams of fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-graders will compete each Saturday in a test of knowledge of their school work.

The broadcasts will be open to all who want to watch the fun, with seats reserved for boys and girls from the competing schools.

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